

THE  
TEMPLE  
OF  
CORRUPTION.

[Price HALF A CROWN.]

E M P L E

o

C O R R U T I O N

[Brix Ham & Company]

THE  
T E M P L E  
OF  
CORRUPTION,  
A P O E M.

CORRUPTION  
By *W. Thorrell*

The youth sires for contemplation made  
In judgment's balm his every notion wrought;  
See forms his Author and him of his author  
He fears Printed for the AUTHOR;  
And Sold by W. FLEXNEY, opposite GRAY's-INN-GATE, Holborn.

M,DCC,LXX.  
*Feb. 9<sup>th</sup>*

ант.

ТЕМПЛЕ

то

СОЯУПОИ

МОДА

Библиотека

Лодо:

Пригод для античной

Англии и Франции в 1789 году

Франция  
Библиотека

Let it be known to man and beast, And the winds grizzly A  
May the faults between us, and Nolmid aye lay off ye tiger bairn,  
**T H E**  
Wield you the lightning now, — your heart abd all the  
Dare the tiger bairn, even were he the dragon of hell.

**T E M P L E**

Change to his side Do abull oit si aad preefisitor haA  
Methu all the old pastures had quide, and

**O F**

**C O R R U P T I O N.**

**T**H E town forsaken, to the peaceful shade  
The youth retires for contemplation made ;  
In judgment's loom his ev'ry notion's wrought ;  
She forms his manners and refines his thought ;  
He scans the sophist with impartial mind ;  
Collects the wheat, and leaves the chaff behind :

B

True

True to himself, truth only sways his breast,  
And fraud's detected tho' by reason drest :  
Oft magic numbers all his soul engage,  
Which fire the young, which give new life to age ;  
A pleasing phrenzy all his mind runs o'er,  
And rapt, by fancy, he's himself no more.  
He loves the rural scene — (and oft we find  
The lowly cot conceals the tow'ring mind)  
The stream and grove his meditations please,  
And reason strengthens in the shade of ease.  
But, when his bleeding country calls, if still  
To her soft laws he bends his ductile will ;  
If still, inglorious, with the sylvan train,  
He seeks retirement, and affects the plain ;  
He's dead to honor — blasted is his fame —  
He stands the living monument of shame.  
Is nature so corrupt ? — lives there a man,  
Who thinks, who acts, on such a groveling plan ;  
Whose heart's the court, where self exalts her horn,  
And brings forth weeds instead of wholesome corn ;  
Who sees the sky o'ercast, the storm descend,  
Outrageous, on his country and his friend,

Yet

Yet stands unmov'd and hears the tempest roar,  
Nor lends a hand to bring them safe to shore ?  
If such a one exists, his damned crime  
Be stampt on brass ! — on the full-tide of time  
Let it be borne ! — on the recreant's tomb  
May his faults live, but not a virtue bloom !  
While yet he breathes, to make compleat his shame,  
Lost be his own, and Fitzroy be his name ! *D. Grafton*

Shame to such calmness ! — let the Stoick hide  
Those feelings which are man's peculiar pride ;  
Which far more strongly speak the human race,  
Than all the outward show of form or face ;  
Which, unperverted, the affections rule,  
In glory's path and lead to virtue's school ;  
But still the brave, elate with bold desire,  
Whose panting hearts beat high, with gen'rous fire,  
Arise to deeds of note — no statesman's nod  
Can curb their rage — their country's is the voice of God.  
E'en, like a torrent, which o'erleaps it's mound,  
Fierce rushes forth and sweeps along the ground,

To

To whose fell force the monarch of the wood,  
Bows his proud top, and, prostrate, drinks the flood,  
They rush impet'ous — resolute to save  
A sinking land, or fill a glorious grave :  
If they do fall their honors reach the skies ;  
And, like the palm, they by oppression rise.

Such sons BRITANNIA needs, whose daring heart,  
Is ever prompt to act a noble part ;  
For now corruption reigns — black storms arise,  
And, trembling at her sight, pale freedom flies.

Plac'd in the centre of a gloomy wood,  
Her stable Temple stands ; round which a flood,  
Sullen, is roll'd ; so dull, we hardly know,  
Whether it's waters ever move or no :  
Oblivion is it's name — who'd e'er attain  
The other shore, or reach the honor'd fane,  
Must plunge into the pool ; which from his mind  
Wipes each fair record off ; nor leaves behind,  
One trace of what it was — virtue before,  
Might charm his soul, but *then* it charms no more :

Truth,

# THE TEMPLE OF CORRUPTION.

5

Truth, faith and friendship in the mem'ry rot,  
And ev'ry noble passion is forgot.

Honor, the Jewel Friend, His Bishopric, his Rightmost, and

Horrid's the Grove ! — Infection clogs the air, b.  
And ev'ry noxious animal is there : b.  
No verdant foliage on the trees is seen ; A  
Perish'd their beauty — dead the sprightly green : H  
No honors grace their boughs ; but here and there,  
Strip'd of the bark, their rotten trunks lie bare. n also nA  
To save her charms in vain doth nature try ; qqqs before D  
Like the Ephemeron they just breathe and die. i a d u p A

Low is her Fane and sinking from the sight,  
As if ashamed to meet the honest light :  
Firm is it's base, and curious to behold ;  
By Plutus laid, and all of solid gold :  
On Tuscan Columns is the temple stay'd,  
By avarice and fell ambition made.  
On the wrought ceiling hath the artist told,  
Corruption's wiles and all her feats of bold :  
Portray'd each kingdom and each rising state,  
Which, undermin'd, untimely, met their fate.

C

On

## THE TEMPLE OF CORRUPTION.

On either side, on pedestals, there stand,  
The forms of those who own'd her high command ;  
Who, scorning Faith, abjur'd all sacred laws,  
Betray'd their country, and espous'd her cause.  
Full in the centre, and above the rest,  
A figure stands in flowing vestments dress'd  
He bends in act to speak — a strength of thought,  
Glows in his face and seems from nature caught  
An oaken garland which entwines his head,  
Blasted appears, and all its glory dead :  
At such a sight a tear bedews each eye ;  
And honest CHATHAM heaves the heart-felt sigh.

Fronting the gates an altar there is rais'd,  
With gold and sparkling diamonds emblaz'd:  
All that may catch the eye lie bare to view;  
The pearl resplendent, and the sapphire blue;  
Here the bright ruby darts it's brilliant rays;  
The amethyst is crimson'd from its blazes;  
The em'rald here of ev'ry shade is seen;  
E'en from the palest to the deepest green;  
The topaz here it's radiancy doth show;  
The opal too, which rivals Iris' bow.

THE TEMPLE OF CORRUPTION. 7

No spices here in cloudy volumes rise,  
But honor, as an off'ring, bleeds and dies :  
Honor, the sacred spring, which e'er we find,  
Doth warm, confirm, and elevate the mind :  
Which spurs to glorious deeds : — the youthful soul  
With Strength Fabrician arms, above controul :  
Courage is but a name — 'tis honor still  
Which to brave daring wakes the coward will :  
Courage before her sinks into a shame :  
Honor's his parent and begets the flame.

But hold my muse ! — the gates are open'd wide :  
The croud comes rushing with a headstrong tide.

The maid so prim, by prudery refin'd,  
Here, blushing, bows, her chastity resign'd.  
Here the staunch patriot and the grave divine,  
Prefer their vows, and bend before the shrine ;  
Both by the view of interest are drawn,  
This hunts a pension, That a scrap of lawn.  
Here soldiers hasten in their own behalf,  
And barter honor for a gen'ral's staff.

Lawyers

8      THE TEMPLE OF CORRUPTION.

Lawyers on Lawyers hurry through the door,  
And the fane echos with their hideous roar.  
Among this tribe a meagre form we trace,  
With nerves unstrung and famine in his face :  
His limbs at variance seem and unconfin'd,  
And well denote the weakness of his mind :  
Nor codes, nor pandects e'er perplex'd his head ;  
Dead to all knowledge, as to feeling dead :  
To shame such wretches, and dispel our fears,  
With Truth and Science blest see HARRISON appears.

The croud once enter'd, those of noble strain,  
Move boldly on, a staunch, a hardy train !

In wealth the foremost, as the first in grace,  
Sprung from an antient and ennobled race,  
SENEX appears — with reverential awe,  
Faith bows before him, and his nod is law.  
Ravish'd, by time, each youthful grace is fled ;  
Full threescore years have silver'd o'er his head :  
Old age like his with pleasure we must view,  
Where each grey hair may boast a virtue too.

Exempt

THE TEMPLE OF CORRUPTION.

9

Exempt from foppish airs and idle whims,  
No Gallic Silks invest his manly limbs :  
His Dress is decent as his mind is sage,  
And aptly suited to the eve of age.  
Pride never sways his heart ; but meekness still  
To gentlest 'baviour bends his Christian will :  
The noblest virtues in his soul abound ;  
And as he's humble, so he's lib'ral found.  
To bless his country, and her fame increase,  
He sought, nor sought in vain, to give her peace ;  
Tho' tempted, by *corruption*, o'er and o'er,  
Made such a peace — as ne'er was made before.  
The people's idol, and his country's pride,  
The good man's pattern, and the statesman's guide :  
All hearts are his, and warmest thanks afford :  
In *London* lov'd, in *Exeter* ador'd.  
How would his honest heart be chill'd with fear !  
How would he heave the groan ! how shed the tear !  
To see his country, in a cursed hour,  
Fall a sad victim to despotic pow'r !  
How would he curse the wretch, who should invade  
Her laws, by Wisdom and by Justice made ;

D

Who

## 10 THE TEMPLE OF CORRUPTION.

Who should her rights, her dearest rights, betray ;  
 Then blaze the action in the face of day !  
 Let others of their pow'r themselves avail,  
 To buy a borough, or expose to sale ;  
 He scorns to act so mean, so base a part,  
 And fair as stands his fame, so true's his heart.  
 " Who won't rejoice if such a man there be ?  
 Who'll dare to say that SENEX is not he ?"

*John Granby*

To him the next, of most athletic make,  
 A Figure stalks — the burthen'd earth doth quake  
 Beneath his stride — his looks bespeak a heart,  
 In which a fear could ne'er usurp a part.  
 From a right noble fount his blood proceeds ;  
 Once more ennobled by his worth and deeds :  
 He fought for *Britain*, and for *Britain* bled,  
 And conquest sat, full-plum'd, upon his head.  
 How fall'n ! how chang'd ! — his full grown honors now,  
 No longer bloom, or grace his manly brow !  
 Shame and dishonor on his forehead dwell :  
 Corruption sway'd his heart, the child of Hell.

Tho'

THE TEMPLE OF CORRUPTION. 11

Tho' he recants, his recantation's vain ;  
His deeds stand flaming forth — his baseness plain :  
He fought 'gainst freedom — threw th'envenom'd dart,  
And pierc'd his country in the tend'rest part :  
Fix'd, deeply fix'd; this brand must ever stay ;  
Like CAIN's, it never can be wash'd away.  
With an uncurb'd desire of giving curst,  
He e'er was liberal, but rarely just :  
Seldom did sense the object point to view,  
Or judgment say, what MILES ought to do :  
He gave at random, with profusion wild,  
While charity stood mute, and reason smil'd;  
By dissipation all his means eat up,  
The dregs too drunk of folly's copious cup,  
He sunk beneath a man — for paltry gold,  
Barter'd his honor, and his virtue sold.  
Could he, ignobly, after dangers past,  
Where ev'ry moment might have prov'd his last ;  
Where horror wav'd his Gorgon Flag, and fear,  
But all in vain, assail'd his steady ear ;  
Could he, ignobly (cursed be the hour,  
He first did fall !) a slave to tyrant pow'r,

Abjure

Abjure his freedom, and embrace those chains,  
 Which ev'ry great and honest soul disdains ?  
 Yes MILES could ! — forgetful of his name,  
 His God, his bleeding country and his fame,  
 He bow'd the servile neck — strove to enslave  
 That race, which once he bravely fought to save :  
 At his defection Honor stands aghast ;  
 Valor turns pale, as if he'd breathe his last ;  
 Stern Justice frowns ; — but yet the tear will fall !  
 When merit fails it should affect us all.

To MILES next, a slender form appears *Duke of Grafton*  
 In robes patrician dress'd, but young in years :  
 A deadly fallow o'er his face is spread,  
 Which, from his cheeks, has chas'd the honest red :  
 Sense seems denoted by his look and eye,  
 But his life, loudly, gives them both the lye :  
 As, to the sight disorder'd, there appear  
 Thousands of forms, but not one painted clear,  
 So to his mind notions on notions rise,  
 But each is dark, and undistinguisht lies :

Vile

Vile his affections as confus'd his head ;  
To friendship and each gen'rous passion dead :  
Friendship, a glorious flame ! inspires the soul,  
And elevates the thought — above controul  
Acts on the noblest plan — exalts the mind,  
And makes a man what God at first design'd :  
How must we then detest that villain's aim,  
Who, lost to honor, durst assume it's name  
To serve the blackest ends — whose treach'rous heart,  
Beneath her guise, conceal'd destruction's dart !  
At first he stood most specious to the sight,  
Till Time awaken'd Truth, and brought to light  
His base intents — unlock'd his inmost soul ;  
Shew'd fraud and cowardice engross'd the whole :  
A noble bearing, tho' in vice, we find  
To wonder and compassion stirs the mind :  
When we behold the wicked man, but brave,  
Struggling, with spirit, 'gainst the threat'ning wave,  
A something charms us, not to be withstood,  
And the tear falls to think he is not good ;  
A sight like this must e'en our passions raise ;  
We must admire him, though we cannot praise ;

E

But

But when a coward, such as he, appears  
Whose heart's as full of wickedness as fears,  
Contempt and hatred both at once arise ;  
We loath his vices and the man despise.  
'Tis great to mend — to quit a vicious plan  
For love of virtue much exalts the man,  
But to recede thro' fear is low and base ;  
It sullies manhood's pride ; it stamps disgrace  
Upon his very nature ; blasts his fame,  
And would stain any but a ——'s name.

A patriotick love once rais'd a flame,  
Which burn'd most fiercely and aspir'd to fame ;  
Which taught the heart to give to worth it's due,  
And think none great but who were honest too :  
That was the time when godlike Patriots rose,  
And stood, like bulwarks, 'gainst their country's foes ;  
They stood and conquer'd : — fame adorn'd their brow  
And gave that wreath which blooms most freshly now.  
But you, my Lord, pursue a nobler bent,  
Worthy your genius and your high descent :

Madmen

Madmen and fools by virtue think to rise,  
But you, my Lord, with more discerning eyes  
Perceive their gross mistake, and wisely aim  
By vice alone to aggrandize your name :  
He is your pattern, who, by hell inspir'd,  
To purchase fame the Ephesian Temple fir'd ;  
Like him you'd rise by diabolick rage ;  
Like him destroy the wonder of the age :  
Is it so glorious, so renown'd a deed,  
To damn thy race and bid thy country bleed ?  
Is it so glorious, such an act of worth,  
To doom that land which gave thy honors birth ?  
Is it so glorious to o'erthrow those laws,  
Which the world views with envy and applause ;  
Which first to get, then, safely to maintain,  
Our fathers pour'd their blood from ev'ry vein ?  
Death to such glory ! — blasted be such fame !  
Disease attend thy hours ! and may thy name  
Quickly be ashes ! may each hope be fled !  
And vengeance pour fell plagues upon thy head !  
May woes each day oppress thee more and more !  
'Till fill'd with griefs affliction's cup runs o'er !

Die when thou wilt, no soft, no tender tear,  
Shall grace thy mem'ry, or bedew thy bier;  
No wishes shall be breath'd thy soul to save,  
But a whole nation's curse sink deep thy grave.  
Do'st thou not blush when mem'ry to thy mind,  
Recalls thy deeds; when strong and unconfin'd  
She prints thy ev'ry act upon thy soul,  
And e'en vice shudders while she reads the scroll?  
Can'st thou unmov'd and with a steady eye  
The mirror view, when conscience brings it nigh,  
And holds up? — art thou not chill'd with fear,  
When, in the glass, a thousand Hines appear?  
No, no, thou't not: — thy callous heart will ne'er  
Submit to feel, or know an honest care:  
Still then pursue thy path, not often trod,  
A Traitor to thy friend, thy country and thy God.  
Was it a time, when o'er thy Saxon's head  
Grim terror shook his dart, when pallid dread  
Sat trembling on his cheek, to seek the shade,  
Altho' bright Venus in the covert stray'd?  
Which at a time salacious joys to prove,  
And pant and revel in the arms of love?

Love!

Love! — it was fear that gave thee wings ; and pride  
To stop thy flight, in vain, her effort try'd.

Mourn, mourn, and weep ! — for manhood at thy name,  
Hangs his sad head, and blushes speak his shame.

A train succeeds, whom in a future rhyme,  
Satire *may* lash, and blaze their ev'ry crime.  
Tho' prudence bellows cautions in mine ear,  
(The child of cunning, and begot by fear)  
Still I will on — exalted vice shall ne'er  
Curb my free speech, or pale my cheek with fear.

But shall my muse, to Satire all devote,  
Be dumb, when friendship should exalt her note ?  
Shall foul ingratitude (the very thought,  
Chills my young blood, with tenfold horror fricht)  
Shall foul ingratitude defile her page,  
And hold me forth to the contemning age,  
A monster past compare ? — shall I not raise  
My voice to him who first inspir'd my lays ;  
Witness my swelling heart ! — witness this tear !  
How much I lov'd him, and his fame revere !

When I forget to give his worth its weight,  
Hung round with curses may I meet my fate !  
To LLOYD I owe all — his generous plan  
Rais'd me from earth, and bade me be a man.

E'en as the flow'r beneath the Eastern Blast,  
(The Insects' parent) drooping breathes its last ;  
So, lost in ignorance, my infant mind,  
Shrunk at her breath, and in her mist confin'd,  
Resign'd each pow'r, and even seem'd to die :  
“ A blank the whole creation to my eye : ”  
My soul a chaos — no auspicious ray,  
There darted forth to promise future day,  
But darkness reign'd throughout — nature with pain,  
Strove to disperse the gloom, but strove in vain :  
He, like my guardian angel, then appear'd,  
The mist soon banish'd, and the darkness clear'd ;  
Tore off the film of ign'rance from my eyes,  
And, more than man, bade new creations rise :  
He plum'd my wings, and, with parental care,  
Cherish'd young hope, and taught me how to dare ;

Taught me to penetrate the mystick grove  
Where science dwells ; or with the Nine to rove  
In their frequented haunts — the muses sung,  
And musick, vary'd, issu'd from their tongue ;  
“ With them conversing I forgot all time,  
All seasons and their change,” whilst magick rhyme,  
Raptur'd my soul, my every thought inspir'd,  
And judgment broke her curb by fancy fir'd :  
He wander'd with me thro' the fairy land,  
And Genius took e'en dullness by the hand —  
Genius, all phrenzy, with brave rapture fir'd,  
Pours forth the glowing thought, as, when inspir'd,  
The Pythia did of old — above controul,  
She scorns all law, and takes by storm, the soul !  
To no one path, to no one course confin'd,  
Wild she expatiates, and the tow'ring mind,  
Fires to each search, each noble search alone,  
And soon as seen, each science is her own.

Once tun'd to praise, the grateful muse again,  
Must raise her voice, and pour the honest strain. Great

Great and labourious is the monarch's task :  
What strength Herculean doth the Labor ask !  
No trifling pleasures may his senses bind ;  
Study, deep study, should inform his mind :  
Hist'ry's instructive leaf he must turn o'er ;  
His Times review, compar'd with those of yore :  
Survey each government, by wisdom fung,  
Whence sprung it's fame, and whence it's ruin sprung.  
'Tis his, with penetration's piercing eye,  
To mark the good, and pass the worthless bye ;  
To chuse, in spight of self and private hate,  
The noblest limbs of council for the state :  
With an impartial and observing ear,  
'Tis his to weigh their thoughts, their judgments hear ;  
To place their reasons in the strongest light,  
But judge still for himself — man's native right ;  
Yet to conviction ever prompt to bend,  
And hearken to her voice as to a friend.  
'Tis his to read the times — with searching eye,  
Their temper mark, their manners to desery ;  
Hence he discerns the manage of the rein,  
When to relax the curb, and when restrain :

Who

Who wants this knowledge, is in want of all ;  
 This some secures ; unskilful monarch's fall.

To Justice he must bow — the fruitful tree,  
 On which rich blessings grow for each degree :  
 Mercy, like ivy, should it's trunk entwine ;  
 Not undermine it, like the treach'rous vine.

The serpent flat'ry, with her various train  
 And pow'r Cameleon, must assault in vain ;  
 Her glozing never should his mind betray ;  
 Deaf, as the adder, to the charmer's lay.

Fav'rites are deadly basilisks — their sight  
 Strikes ev'ry virtue dead, and sinks in night :  
 These are the moles which undermine a crown ;  
 Grub up it's root, and shake it's honors down.

Av'rice must ne'er his better thoughts controul,  
 The leprosy of ev'ry servile soul :  
 To each aspiring virtue 'tis the grave,  
 And sinks a King beneath the meanest slave.

'Tis his to keep his state — to spread the fail  
 Of greatness wide — tho' horrid war assail,  
 To sit unmov'd — tho' weak not heave a groan ;  
 Wisdom forbids to make his weakness known.

He as a father must his people view,  
 Their just rewarder and defender too ;  
 Should hear their plaints — to give their troubles rest ;  
 The glorious care that fires his panting breast ;  
 By him protected from each threatening stroke,  
 They thrive like pines beneath the sheltering oak.  
 If there's one blessing, one extatic joy,  
 Which lifts the man, and can his soul employ,  
 With thoughts of highest nature, we shall find,  
 That blessing plac'd in serving of mankind :  
 This is the monarch's most exalted part,  
 Which thrusts each pow'r to action — and the heart  
 Awakes to virtue — if he this disdains,  
 He mocks his Maker, and his office stains ;  
 His glory fully'd all — his gorgeous crown,  
 May awe the groveling soul, and bow it down,  
 To bend ignobly low : — 'tis honor's pride  
 To stoop to virtue, but to nought beside,  
 She bends the stubborn knee — unknowing how  
 To cringe to vice, tho' seated on it's brow,  
 Stern Majesty's enthron'd — her lib'ral plan,  
 Disdains that King who lays aside the man.

Such

Such are the virtues which should e'er adorn,  
The Sovereign's soul, and cheering as the morn,  
Diffuse benignant light — 'tis these alone,  
Which throw true lustre round the regal throne ;  
How ought we then to raise our voice ! — what joy  
Ought to dilate our heart ! — what warmth employ,  
Our ev'ry pow'r to pour the grateful strains,  
Since, blest with all, great GEORGE, o'er *Britain* reigns.

T H E E N D,